

Ruschi

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ROUGH ON THE EAGLE!



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Wednesday, August 23rd, 1893. — No. 859.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
OUR LEGISLATION
EXHIBIT.**

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION has drawn many strangers inside our gates. To such of them as have a mind to relieve the tiring round of sight-seeing with a study of the ways of an interesting republic, we heartily commend the doings of the Fifty-third Congress of the United States of America. It is one of the most representative of American exhibits, and it may properly be considered an annex to the Government's exhibit at Jackson Park. It is not the ordinary assemblage of Congressmen who meet to establish the unimportance of *vox populi* by passing a lot of laws that Populus knows and cares nothing about. This particular Congress has been assembled in extraordinary session to meet a grave emergency in which the well-being of the republic is menaced. The wishes of the country in the matter are well known, and there is open and notorious necessity for prompt action. The foreigner who is curious about our institutions will be interested in seeing how long it will take this Congress to give the people what they have demanded. He may receive a valuable object-lesson in the workings of the republican form of government. While the foreigner is making this study in an unprejudiced, impersonal sort of way, the American is forced to look upon this session as something more than an interesting display of government in the abstract. He is familiar, it is true, with the methods of Congress. He usually shows only a half-hearted interest in its proceedings. He takes the cue from his favorite editor, and reviles it or jeers at it in blithe ignorance of its just deserts. He is watching this session closely and anxiously. As he gloomily rattles a bunch of keys in his otherwise empty trousers-pocket, and wonders whether he will ever get that balance out of the collapsed bank, he resolves to hold this Congress strictly to account for dilatory tactics or other foolishness.

The duty of Congress is as plain as the message that outlined it. There was nothing novel or abstruse or ambiguous about that message. Neither Democracy nor Grover Cleveland was put forward in it. It was the message of a patriotic and intelligent citizen. It told the story of our troubles simply and directly. It pointed out definitely the manner in which they must be relieved by those chosen of the people to do such

work. It declares our financial stringency to be "principally chargeable to Congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the Government." It points out that the present silver law "leads in the direction of the entire substitution of silver for the gold in the treasury; and that this must be followed by the payment of all Government obligations in depreciated silver." It further points out the obvious folly of our attempt to secure universal bimetallism by international co-operation, "so long as we are willing to continue our attempt to accomplish the result single-handed." It refers to the manifest inability of the Government to make "its fiat equivalent to intrinsic value." It affirms the right of the people to "money recognized as such in every market of the world." It insists that "this Government has no right to injure the people by financial experiments opposed to the policy and practice of other civilized states." Finally, it recommends the prompt repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman act; and "that other legislation may put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention and ability of the Government to fulfill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries."

The message was a masterly summary of the financial situation. It so clearly accords with the general sentiment of the country that our friends, the Republican editors, are in a bad way for pertinent criticism. They say, in headlines, that "Sturdy Legislators may Resent the Dictatorial Course of Czar Cleveland;" that there is a "Cowardly Attempt to Shift the Burden onto Congress;" and that "No Definite Plan for Relief is Outlined." Read below the headlines, however, and you will find that sound-money Republicans generally approve the President's views. Some of them criticise him, though, for leaving Washington. We can see no sense in such criticism. No one can say that his part of the work is not done for the present, nor that fishing is not one of the most wholesome of recreations. These critics certainly could not expect Mr. Cleveland to fish in Washington. It is too hot a place these days, for a man who has done his work; and there is no good fishing there, anyway.

It now remains for this Congress to show that it really represents the people. It has been generally conceded that no party capital can be made out of the repeal of the Sherman law. The situation is so grave and the remedy is so obvious that relief must be credited to patriotism and common-sense rather than to the platform of any party. Yet such delay as occurs will be almost wholly due to efforts to stamp the trade-mark of one or the other of the political parties on the relief-measure. It is hard for your really astute statesman to forget his party's claims. If it should become known that all the Cholera microbes in the world could be exterminated by a simple act of Congress, such an act would doubtless be passed;—but only after some weeks of hot debate tending to show that each party held dangerous pro-cholera views. Thus, we shall listen to a few weeks of hollow debate, punctuated by frequent business failures, and in the end we shall learn what we knew in the beginning: that relief can come from neither party of itself, but from the sound-money men of both.



ON THE SUBURBAN TRAIN.

BUNSON:—A deaf and dumb tramp asked my wife for breakfast this morning.

MUNSON.—How did he ask for breakfast if he was dumb?

BUNSON.—Said nothing, and sawed wood.

EXPERIENCE is the safety valve on enthusiasm.

IT MUST be his excessive indulgence in "horns" that makes the Texas steer so crazy.

THE TRUTH should be told at all times; but sometimes a telephone line is the most convenient vehicle for telling it.

ALL THE world asks of a man is for him to do his best; but if that does n't suit it has mighty little use for him.

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GETTING HIM WHERE THEY WANT HIM.

WATTS.—I hear your pastor is in poor health. Why don't your people give him a vacation?

COOKMAN.—Not much! He's so weak now he can preach only twenty minutes.

FARMER HAYMAN'S WATERLOO.



SILAS HAYMAN.—I got that job, Mother, to haul a party o' ten from the station to Oyster Bay, fer fifty cents a head.



TREASURER OF "THE FAT MEN'S CLUB."—Hello, Mr. Hayman! Got ten teams ready for us?

THE SUMMER GIRL AND THE KATY-DID.



WHO SAT with me under the apple tree
In the orchard's cooling shade?
Who promised to love and to marry me
As soon as Summer should fade?
"Katy-did, Katy-did."
Who stood with me by the minister's side
In a handsome city home?
Who gave me her wealth and herself as bride
When the Autumn days had come?
"Katy-did n't, Katy-did n't."

F. Lee F.

PROGRESSIVE ANIMOSITY.

He was a very down-hearted and disgusted-looking boy, with torn clothes and rumpled hair, and a few suspicious bumps on his face; so I stopped and asked him what the matter was, and whether I could be of any assistance to him.

"Naw, yer can't do nothing fer me; it's a business trouble," he explained.

"Ah! have you lost your position?" I asked.

"Naw; and I would n't care if I had. The president of our company is the worst old duffer in New York."

"Does he ill-treat you?" I said kindly.

"Naw; he does n't even know me by sight; but he come into the office cross as hornets this mornin' and climbed up the secretary's collar the worst you ever seen."

"But how did that affect you?"

"Why, don't yer see?" the boy asked, impatiently; "the secretary had to get square somehow, so he jumped on the cashier with both feet; and after the cashier 'd thought it all over and got good and mad, he jumped on the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper jumped on the entry clerk, and the entry clerk jumped on the bill clerk, and he just sailed in and gimme particular rats. An' there was n't no one fer me ter jump on, so I thought I 'd go out and lick a district messenger."

"Well, could n't you find one to lick?" I asked.

"Oh! I found him quick enough; but I did n't lick 'im."

"Why not?"

"'Cause he licked me!" Harry Romaine.

LOST TO BOTH RELIGIONS.

"Is it true that Father Rourke has converted Ikey Rosenstein?"

"I think it very doubtful, for I saw Ikey eating ham last Friday."

FINE FEATHERS bring fine birds to the tailor's table.

WHAT A comfort it is to go to a poor show once in a while, and feel superior to it.

AN UNREASONABLE QUARREL.

SHE.—I know I'm unreasonable! That is a woman's privilege!

HE.—But is n't it unreasonable for you to want to be unreasonable?

SHE (hotly).—No; but it is unreasonable for you not to want me to be unreasonable!

HE (mildly).—It strikes me that is an unreasonable proposition.

SHE (triumphantly).—Of course it is, for I made it! (They kiss and make friends.)

OR DEAD ONES.

BUSTLER.—How 's that suburban cemetery scheme of yours doing?

HUSTLER.—First-class! All I want now is to get a few live men in it.

DISASTROUS INCREDULITY.

"It is n't loaded," Smith declares,

While Brown's distrust increases;

The latter goes his way in peace,

The former goes in pieces.



HER IDEA OF BAIT.

MR. TROUTLEY.—Have n't you caught anything yet, my dear?

MRS. TROUTLEY.—No. And that horrid Miss Finn has caught three since I've been here. I can't seem to get this lovely jelly-cake of mine to stay on the hook.



BY H. L. WILSON

AN AMATEUR LOVER.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF JOEL BARTLETT HIS BEWITCHMENT.

DÆMONS & Familiar spirits there be wch possess and ill-provoke mankinde, as all doe know. — A Dæmon or what else of grete power hath assailed me more grievously thn men are wont to be by thus lyke thinges. — Ye spelle is unlike any yt I have heard of. —

Havng earlie a livelie sense of Divine thinges & theyre inward sweetness, my mynde was greatlie ingaged to pass my time in studie and Meditation: chieflie upon ye Awfullness of ye Wrath of God and ye juste Wisdom of its Descent upon ye Wicked. — I felte myself as much Mortified to ye world as almost any in all New England. — Was muche inclined to ye excellent Discourses of ye very Learned and Pious Cotton Mather and other Preachers of Weight. —

Often I walked Abroad in Solitary places in ye fields & forests. I saw ye trees and clouds, and drew fm them a strange, keen sense of ye Presence of God. — Thunder & Lightnyge I fd exceedg Entertaining, as being God's method of Hinting at Hys direful wrath agst sinners. —

Afterwards, when ye majestic voice of Hys vengeful ire was silenced, & ye sun shone forthe, I was pleased to picture ye enjoyments of Heaven, and Meditate upon my Inside Grace. —

Beinge habitually in such Holy Mynde, abundant in Prayer, and gravelie inclined to ye weight of life, it is much ye stranger that I should have been so easily wrought upon. —

Havng walked forthe upon ye South hillside one day when 't was Springe, and ye warm sun was bringe out manie greene thinges from ye Earth, I was full of those tho'ts yt sholde ever dwell in a credible Christian mynde, when I saw belowe me a yonge Woman w. a boy. — She was darting about like a deere, beinge fulle of quick movements and short springes, pulling little purple flow'rs wh. were pushd upp thro' ye dead leaves. — She seem'd greatlie joyed after everie one added to ye bunch in her hande. — Ye boy had chased a mouse-squirrel into a hollow tree, and was waitg for it, I presume, to destroy it, after ye cruel ways of some youth. — Seeing yse two were strangers, I approached, having mynde to address them. — Ye

yonge Woman was kneeling w. her heade down, when I stood before her. — As I wd have op'd my lips, she stood Up & looked into my eyes, ye effect whereof was movinge: — my bloode rushed all to my heade in such volume as to drown my speeche, so I colde utter no sound whatever. — She gave me Good Daye, sayde 't was rite earlie for ye flow'rs to be growne, and asked did I not thynke them tastie. — She was all of a strange faireness & sweetness, ye like of wch I have never seene; her haire of some lite color, and a pale face, — except on each cheek & thereabouts, wh. was of a Daintie Redness. — Her eyes I know not they're color, but were of a most Wonderfull briteness, w. quick Dartynges and downward Shiftynges verie confusing. I looked at her eyes for some tyme, not how queerlie they seemed to speeke as well as her tonge. — She sayde manie thinges, I know not what, & I rebelled at being helde to look at her so steadilie. — Presentlie I saw she was greatlie sensing ye color and scent of ye flow'rs, and was lookinge arounde on ye skye and woods with a pleased eye. — Thinkinge her Enjoyment of same was Sinful, I felte stronglie moved to Admonish her of ye State of her Soule — which I did, sayng she must consider ye colors about her as of God's System, and not alone by themselves. — She sayde she liked much to look at ye clouds in ye skye, phansying them to be ye thoughts of all ye world yt floated upp fm. human myndes; yt faire, lite clouds w. tender thoughts, and those blacke and heave w. men's angrie passions. — Tolde her yt 't was a Pagan Thought, and ye clouds wd better cause her to meditate on ye excellency of Christ His Person, & ye awfullness of God's vengeance, yt she mite be saved therefrom. — Tried to catechize ye Boy yt was her Brother, but found him a graceless imp. — Sayde yt he knew where was a Wolf coule be Shott if I'd get my piece. —

Theyre name was Roylance, latelie removed fm Salem Village. — We had some further converse, to no good ende, however, seeinge she was of a lite & vaine nature, her mynde ill-disposed to grave matters or Religion. — Yet was I loth to leave her for ye lookinge at her eyes wh. changed as often as ye clouds in ye skye. She left me w. a pleasant good daye. — At ye backe of her heade her haire is of a Wanton Curliness, & ye nape of her neck as white as anie snowe. —

When she had gon, colde not get my mynde composed for ye thinks of her; wherefore I suspected much was not rite, synce I have seene manie ladies of ye lande, exceedg comlie, butt none other ever soe roundlie distracted me. — Walked abroade 'til 't was duskish, in hope of soothinge ye affliction. — When I returned to my father's House I colde not eat w. fit patience or lykinge, and later found I'd no waye for sleepe. Sate lookg at ye moon 'til far intoe ye nite — at leaste ten of ye clock. — Colde heare her voice, which was verie like soft music, and colde see her eyes and faire face — all wch was like Necromancie. — She was greatlie in my mynde, and nothings else much yt I know of. —

Whn morning came I was still afflicted at ye same fearfule rate; my mynde was no longer mine own, nor my ears, for lisning to her voice. —

Soone I walked agene on ye hill-side. — She was not there; but her Brother on ye edge of ye wood came runnyng to me. — Spoke to him of her, but he took no pleasure in it, sayinge She was w. her mother, & She was nott ille, and Nothing further. — He is mighty

Devilish in hys ways; can not holde hys countenance w. out laughter & other such ill-behavior, such as whistlg, shoutinge w. loude voice, lookg for mouse-squirrels, & wearinge hys hat in an unseemlie manner on ye backe of hys heade. Sayde he'd like my Piece to shoot a wolf & other Animals, butt tolde him he was too yonge. — Went awayes intoe ye woods to wh. ye springe comes out of ye hill, and sate lisning to ye water, but it Sounded too much of her Voice. — So went belowe to a smoothe, deepe pool, where colde have som peace; but looked at it and found it verie lyke ye color of her eyes — & of neither colde I see ye depth. — While I watched ye pool, ye shadows crept off & ye sun brightened it, and thn 't was lyke her eyes when her smile litens them — as then colde see a little waye into both. —

Seeinge how she was ever before me and all in my mynde, it came to me I was Bewitched by her, ye lyke of which never hapned me before. — Thought if it goes on, I must call her to Actt. to remove ye spelle. — Ye nite was a Feverish one, w. not much of any Sleepe yt I remember.

On ye morrow Spoke w. George Watt, hym yt had grievous doings at hys house by evil spirits, that caused som Fire & Ashes to fly fm. ye Place intoe ye foode, Windows to brake, Gravel to fall upon ye Roof, & Covering to move fm ye beds. — He sayde yt synce Martha Carrier was hangd at Salem Village, and Som others, he was no more provoked. Further sayde yt those wh. signe ye black booke make waxen images & drive pins in them, to ye grete discomfort of ye person represented; wch I tolde him was ignorance & superstition, for yt ye Devil worked by other Meanes, and was often transformed intoe an Angel of light. — Wh. upon tolde him how a familiar spire had possessed me in ye person of a certaine yonge woman. — But before had ¼ (one quarter) Finished ye misery she had putt upon me, he lunged unseemlie at my side w. hys thumb, closed hys left eye quicklie som tymes, & seem'd to finde my remarks verie assistant to merriment. — Wh. at I left him in grete annoyance. —

Walked agene on ye hill-side P. M., and founde Her there pulling blue flowers & other Blossoms. Wishg to turn her to ye Right, read her "Ye Daye of Doom" by Michael Wigglesworth, and "Why ye Saints in Glory Sholde Rejoice at ye Sufferings of ye Damned," put out by ye Amiable and Pious Jonathan Edwards. — Found her wickedly unbelieving, and preferg English Poetry and Polite Pieces in prose better thn such. — Sayde if her Brother went to Hell she wd. not rejoice, but wd. be Unhappie at Hys Sufferings. — Sayde, further, ye Heathen were a wicked & Untidie lot, and ought to perish, but did not believe reprobate Infants shoude perish, synce they knew no better. —

Tolde her 't was God's Will so to deal w. Hys Elect; that such rejoicing wd be no argument she was not of an Amiable & Excellent disposition, but wd be in seeing ye Justice of God executed upon them yt have merited His eternal Hatred. — Yt she



wd. have ye greater sense of her own Happiness by seeinge ye contrary Misery, and likewise ye Wicked wd. be more miserable by seeinge ye Glory of ye Saints; wch was a System of grete Symmetry and Harmony. — Butt she instantly tooke it upp in ye way of Deniall, declarg Stoutlie agst it; & as she had a goode conceit of her opinions, colde not convince her. — Women were ever poor reasoners, dependg on theyre hearts for theyre logick. We walked along & ushered in Discourse on manie subjects, but she ever sho'd yt her heart warped ye stern principles of Justice.

Went home in worse State thn Before, my Beinge filled by Her.

On ye Morrow walked on ye hillside, but she was not there. At Twilight went to visite theyre house. Found her Father of Stupendous make,





HE LAUGHS BEST WHO LAUGHS LAST.

SMOKY SAMPSON (*in disgust*).—Say, Weary, be you in your secon' childhood?

WEARY RAGGLES.—No, no; I pinched it from a kid down to der willage below, an'—

THEORETICAL ECONOMY.



MR. NUWED.—Seems to me our grocery bills are very high for two persons.

MRS. NUWED.—You wanted me to be economical, you know, and I've been using up the bread crumbs for puddings.

MR. NUWED.—Quite right, my love, and good puddings they were; but I was speaking of the grocery bills.

MRS. NUWED.—Yes; you see it takes about five dollars' worth of other things to make the bread crumbs taste good.

SOON PARTED.

"My hair," murmured Van Arndt, sadly, as he strove carefully to conceal the bald spot on his head, "reminds me of a fool and his money."

THE LATEST STYLE.

"How will you have your whiskers trimmed?" asked the barber.

"With accordion pleats, please, and passementeries," was the reply.

The barber was stupefied for a minute, until the boss told him that his customer was the bearded woman from the dime-museum.

THEY DID N'T.

BLEACHER.—The Giants should have been fined for disobeying the umpire to-day.

GRAND STAND.—How was that?

BLEACHER.—He told them to "play ball."

HIS LIMITATIONS.

KANVAS.—Dukets has become quite an art critic.

BRUSHE.—Bring him to my studio; I have just finished a picture.

KANVAS.—Oh, he can only criticise those that are catalogued with their prices.

EXPERIENCED.

PATENT MEDICINE VENDER (*in Oklahoma*).—Have you ever experienced that tired feeling?

PROMINENT CITIZEN.—That tarred feelin'? You bet! An' that feathered feelin', too, by Jing!

JUPITER MADE the thunder roll; but we never heard that he could roll a cigarette.

WHERE HE WILL COME IN.

MARIE GOLD.—Papa says that although he is opposed to you, he expects you to be a beneficiary of his will.

TOM GIN.—Did he say what his will would be?

MARIE GOLD.—Yes; he will leave every cent to found a Free Inebriate Asylum.

VERY PROBABLE.

LITELEIGH.—It was an unfortunate thing the devil tempted Eve in the form of a serpent.

BITELEIGH.—In what way?

LITELEIGH.—Well, if he had approached her in the form of a mouse, Adam would never have tasted that apple.

IT is the comic opera composer who is most apt to "steal a march" on us.



"—It's a dern sight better n waikin', dese hot days. Au Revoir!"

AN EXCEPTION.

SNOOK.—I always believe in calling a spade a spade.

CROOK.—So do I; except when I am trying to fake through a club flush.

OVERHEARD ON THE COMMON.

"I have a very hard time, Miss," said the beggar to the Boston girl, "keepin' body and soul together."

"Then why try?" asked the girl. "Do you not know that in the ideal world all is soulful, and it is but the limitations of bodily—" but the beggar had fled.

GIFTED.

DICKEY DOLT.—Fweddy is ambwidextwous, doncher know.

CHOLLY CHAPP.—Ya-as?

DICKEY DOLT.—He can handle his cane with his left hand just as well as with his wight.

DILATORY METHODS.

FIRST HARLEMITE.—What is this theosophy they talk so much about?

SECOND HARLEMITE.—Oh! some new rapid transit scheme, I suppose. Why don't they do something and stop talking?



SHE KNEW WHERE IT WAS.

MR. NUWED.—Did you see anything of my straw hat, love?

MRS. NUWED.—Sh-h-h! Mother has just fallen into a doze; I'll get it for you when she wakes up. You know how she dislikes to be disturbed.

THE MAN who writes to the newspapers about "this glorious Republic" is a good deal like the grocer who pinned a descriptive label to his salt codfish.

THE HAIRS of our heads are numbered; but the early numbers—Oh! where are they?

clad in gray russet, w. a Huge face verie red. He treated me w. Agreeable respect, but seem'd not disposed to converse, chiefly smoaking at a long pipe & meditating on y^e enlargement of hys Comfort, I presume. Mistress Roylance is a woman of valuable Virtues, butt of Melancholic humor, & garrulous, talking peevishlie to her Lord at grete length. — He stayed attentive to hys Smoake, and slowly winked one eye att me, but did not Retort, and in fact seem'd little putt oute by her. — Spent one hour in talk w. Her. — She used me w. what kindness she colde, but 't was hard to talk, for words w^d not come easie to me.



— She is Sober as well as merrie, and of a moste brilliant color by candle-lite, her eyes shining greatlie. — At partinge left her $\frac{1}{2}$ (one-half) lb. sugared almonds, also her brother 1 s. —

Walked home by Moonlight. Was sorelie perplexed to not thro off her spelle. — It seemed a pitie to hale her before y^e Council, as she mite not be guiltie, synce som evil spirit colde be workinge through her to torture me. — Was never in such a State of Distraction. Colde not sleepe, and walked in my Chamber w. y^e Dæmon in full possession. —

Late in y^e nite my Father came to see why I moved so restlesslie. Tolde him was possessed by Witchencraft, and 't was mitey serious w. me, wh.^{at} he was grave and besot me to tell hym of it. — Tolde him all fm. y^e 1st in full detail, wh^{ch} he scorned, saying "Tush, Tush" and "Fie, Fie," & y^e lyke. — Sayde if I loved y^e girl and was minded to marrie her, he saw no hindrance, synce she was descended of pious & Credible parents. — Tolde him I did not thinke I colde be in Love synce I had resolved Never to be Soe and to give my life to Weightier things; & besides, she was a godless yonge Person. — He scorned me agene, hys words beinge nott relevant and omitted here, & bade me to sleepe. — When he had gon y^e Dæmon rioted stronglie in me, so y^t I determined to tax her w. it.

On y^e Morrow saw her at Meeting, accowtered in a daintie silken Gowne, w. cork sole shoes of grete smallness, thereto correspondent. — She was verie meek appearing in y^e meeting-house, keeps her eyes mostlie cast down, so onlie her lashes colde be seene, wh. were dark-colored & Longe, as such Things go. She sho'd much seeminge innocence, modesty, ingenuity & devotion. Also her brother was meek & pious look^s, but 't was assumed, for in y^e midst of y^e discourse he turned hys face toward me & twisted it in an unholy manner, as if to mocke y^e sacrede Place. — Have little remembrance of y^e Discourse.

On y^e morrow found Her upon y^e hillside. Tolde her bro. of a Fatte Squirrel I had seene some distance away, which he quicklie went to seek. Walked w. her alonge y^e edge of y^e forest a little waye in its depths. Was astonished y^t I did not Thinke of Religion but of her. And a powerful Witchencraft was all Around us; it was in y^e air, w^{ch} was of a sweete smell, and marvelous lite softness; it was in y^e small birdes & other fowle y^t sang in all y^e trees; lykewise it was in y^e greene leaves, and y^e

round budds & White Blossoms show^s on y^e trees in Grete Plentie. And y^e Witchencraft seem'd as if lift^s me into y^e air so I colde not touch y^e earth w. my feet, I had a grete No. of Strange & dreamie feel^s wh. seem'd like y^e persuasions of olde Satan. —

We did not converse greatlie, and onlie in a low voice. — As we walked side by side over y^e dry leaves of 1st year, her small hand brushed by mine and my hand strangelie cot and held hers closelie w. out any direction fm my minde, wh. w^d not have dared it. — A grete thrill it gave me all through, and was forced to Hold it tite, for it Made divers small Efforts to go free. — Walked a Distance w. out lookinge at each other, then my eyes turned on her agst my will. — She was lookinge down as in meetinge, & y^e sun had made all her face & neck of a redness lyke her cheeks. I felt her shake, but she spake no word. — Thⁿ I found my voice to tell her I must speke w. her concern^s certaine matters (colde not speke well, my throate beinge dry). — Sayde she had Laid a spelle on me & I was Possessed by Her; her eyes colde leade me where they w^d. — Ask'd her to tell me if she was a Witch. — She laugh'd, butt not in a true tone, say^s she colde not answer for all y^t. — Thⁿ tolde her what my Father had sayde to me. Wh.^{upon} she was in a great commotion and drew her hand quicklie away. — Thⁿ I instantly saw y^t I loved her, and sayde as much, seiz- ing her hande agene closely. — Besot her to commend my love to herself, saying I w^d be greatlie advantaged and mightie pleased th^{at}. — Tolde her I felt like y^e earth on w^{ch} y^e Sun Warmed into life manie Pleasinge flow'rs, inasmuch as my Life was Bleake, & She, who was

y^e Sun, (soe ran y^e phansie), had soe warmed it y^t Love colde grow there. — (W^{ch} Speache was a Grete astonishment to myself.) She seam'd pleas'd, butt sayde she fear'd 't was a tender Plant to Sprout so soon, and w^d as easilie Perish. — Tolde her No. 'Twolde always Grow & Renew itself, and we wolde Nourish it if her Parents saw no hindrance. — Ask'd her to acquainte them y^t I wolde Waite on them y^t P. M., and paye them my Dutie. — Sayde other Things to her I make no Acct. of. —

At Twilghte visited her Home & spoke w. prettie good Courage to her Father, ask- inge if he w^d be agst my Paying courte to hys Daughter, and sayinge it seam'd y^t we colde do som good to helpe & support eache other on our Voyage to Canaan. He ansr'd he was not agst y^t w^d bringe her Comfort. She, standinge by, made no Denial or Protest, but looked downe modestlie.

Now, in so Grete joy as Possesses me, and lies before, I sometimes feare me y^t all is not rite—. This Sudden, Strange & Powerful spelle hath so shaken in my mynde y^t w^{ch} hath al^{ws} stood firm y^t I know not if it be Love or Witchencraft. — If it be Love, thⁿ all is welle! — If it be Witch- encraft, thⁿ Witchencraft is mightie unjustlie Discouraged.



A THROTTLED ROMANCE.



MR. STARRBORER. — Ah, Miss de Coe, what an inspiring view this is! How it lifts us above the common things of earth! I could sit here forever, with my soul —



(But the dinner-gong sounded just then, and his soul got the worst of it.)

A CHEERLESS PROSPECT.

WILLIAM WHISKERS.—W'ot's all this 'ere talk erbout free silver, Hank? 'Does it mean hard dollars fer nothin'?

HENRY SLOWBOY.—Naw; it's jest like free trade, an' don't mean nothin'! The time won't never come, Bill, when yer kin git anythin' without askin' fer it!

RELENTLESS TIME.

BACON.—After all, Chicago is no place for a Columbian centenary. LAKESIDE (aghast).—Why not?

BACON.—They're too slow for us; it takes a hundred years for one of 'em to come around.

BOTH RIOTOUS.

FOREMAN.—What shall we do? The wires are down, leaving us in the middle of an article describing a row in the House of Commons?

MANAGING EDITOR.—Run in half a column of one of Talmage's sermons.

A HARDER JOB.

"W're's Sampson, de strong man, to-day?" asked the tongueless Zulu.

"Oh, de manager told him he could have two days lay off wid pay; and he was so petrified wid astonishment dat he's goin' to do de Cardiff giant ac' w'en he gets back!" replied the living skeleton.

PLAUSIBLE.

PUCK'S LATEST DEVICE FOR WIDE-BRIMMED HATS.

JACK POETASTER.—Oh, Miss Meta, why will you, and how can you wring my heart by lavishing your affection upon that stupid little terrier who moults white hairs all over that dream of a gown, in which you appear a vision of ravishing loveliness?

MISS META.—Perhaps it is because he comes off.

ARABIAN DAYS.

Aladdin sat dejectedly, plunged in thought.

Suddenly there appeared before him a terrifying being, which seemed to rise from the floor and fill the entire place with its presence.

"What are thy orders?" demanded the awful visitor.

Aladdin in his fright was speechless.

"Name but thy slightest wish," roared the being, "and I will gratify it. I can do anything I want and have anything I want. The world is mine. I am the genie of the lamp."

Aladdin's face brightened with quick intelligence.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed; "the Standard Oil Company. Well, I declare!"

To test the matter he ordered a breakfast of roc's eggs, fried, sunny-side up, and they were speedily forthcoming.

FRESH FROM CHICAGO.

"Well," said the chancellor of the exchequer, "did your visit to the World's Fair impress you with the fact that we are behind the rest of the human family?"

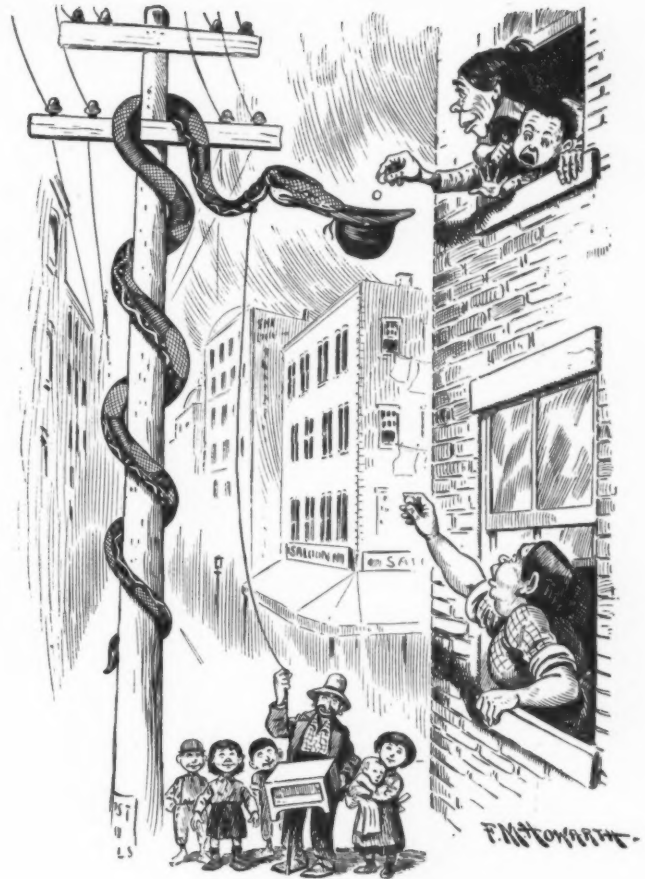
"Well, rather," rejoined the Sultan of Jeypore; "that ancient law which limits me in the number of my wives must be abrogated at once."

MAN SELDOM blames himself for his folly. He modestly leaves that piece of wisdom to his friends.

THE EDITOR who is constantly feeling the Pulse of the People is likely to become an expert on the subject of "beats."

THE YOUNG man "who woke up with a big head on him" had it promptly decapitated when he met his irate employer.

SOME PEOPLE are so anxious to get ahead in the world that they only succeed in getting a headstone.



PUCK'S SUGGESTION.

The organ-grinder's monkey is out of style. Why not try this?

IT DON'T WORK BOTH WAYS.

It will probably be some time before civilization invents a scheme whereby the intended victim of a cut-throat can engage counsel to show that his life should be spared by the would-be assassin "on account of temporary insanity."

SHAM-BATTLE SCARRED.

Back from the Summer training camp

The State militia comes,

With sun-burned faces on the men

And broken heads in drums.

A sanguine front each warrior wears,

And every one now goes

Unto the barber-shop to get

Some powder on his nose.

Wood Levette Wilson.

ON THE MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

THE CAPPER.—It's three rings for five cents, gen'l'men; and every time—

UNCLE HIRAM.—Say, Samanthy, ain't them rings cheap! Ye don't suppose they be solid gold, do ye?

A NEEDED WARNING.

BRACE.—I wish my creditors could have that sign before them on the first of every month.

BAGLEY.—What sign?

BRACE.—"Post No Bills."

AN OCEAN steamer could be run with the energy that is wasted daily in slapping at flies that we never reach.

A MAN CAN legislate calmly on the financial question when he knows that his own personal grip on Uncle Sam's cash box is as sure as sunrise.



OF THE SAME MIND.

THE THIN ONE.— { Don't you think it is awfully silly, this
THE STOUT ONE.— } getting weighed all the time, and in public, too?

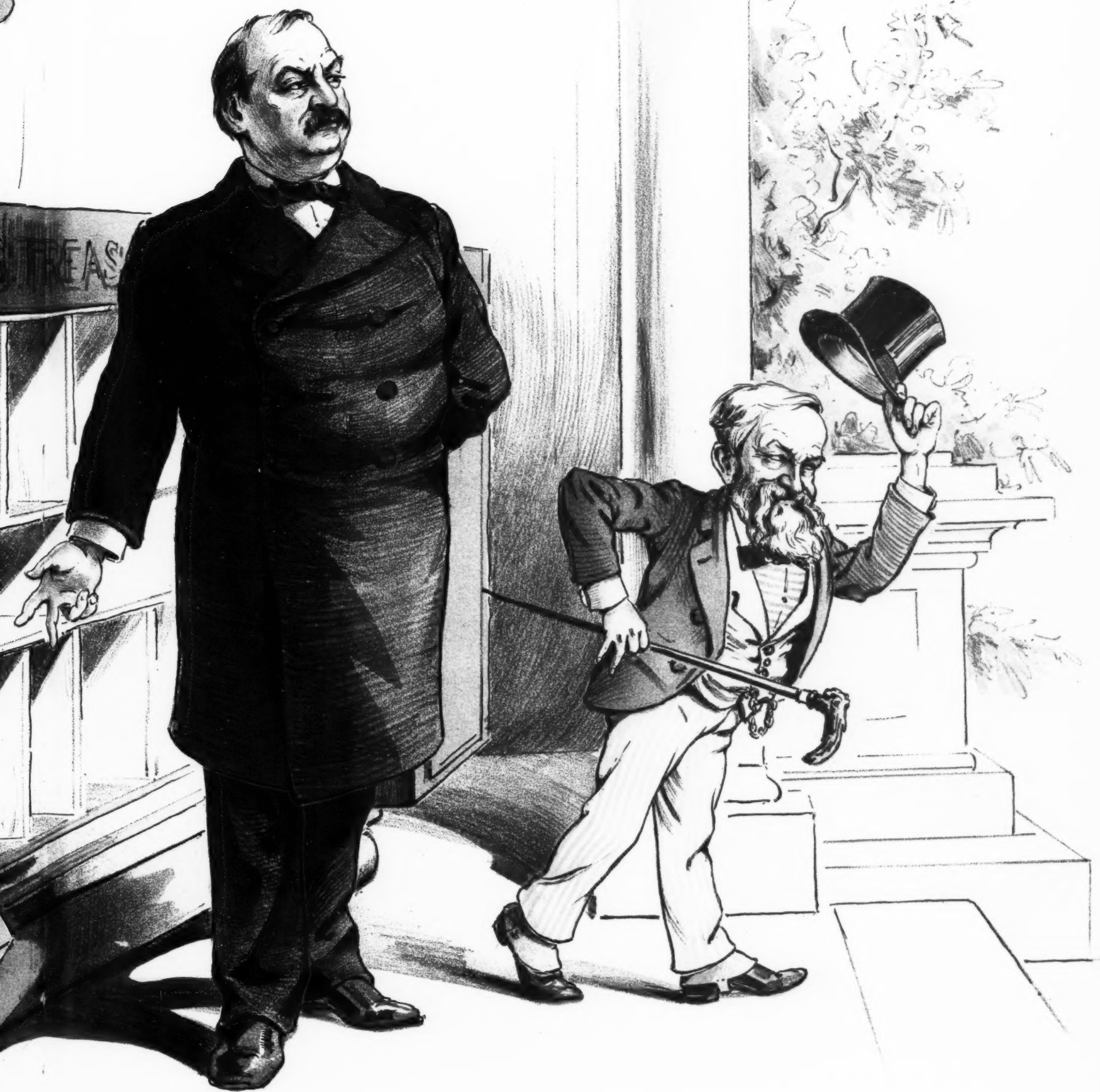
1889




J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

"THE PEOPLE WANTED A CHANGE, AND
BUT THE CHANGE WAS MADE IN 1889, AND V

1893



FROM "THE HAWVILLE CLARION."



IT is our sad duty to record that once more has the grim reaper with his sickle keen invaded our midst. On Wednesday last, just after the sun had kissed the world a smiling good-night and sunk to rest in its bed of crimson and gold, the spirit of our esteemed fellow-townsmen, Henry, the beloved husband of Sarah Ellen Prog and the late Caroline Prog, vacated its habitation of clay and wended its way to the land of light, to walk forevermore on the glory-lit hills of immortality. Mr. Prog was a shining example of how an enterprising and ambitious man may rise to eminence in free America. He had been at different times shot, stabbed, clubbed, chopped with axes, kicked by mules, blown up in explosions, tarred and feathered twice by mistake, scalded by an indignant grass-widow, and passed through the divorce court; and yet he lived to occupy the responsible positions of vestryman in the Methodist Church and City Dog-killer. We miss him sadly, but have the consolation that what is our loss is Heaven's gain. In this connection, we take occasion to remark that in the East it is not considered exactly the proper thing to participate in a funeral procession mounted on a bicycle, as was done by two or three of the mourners on last Wednesday. We trust that our friends will make a note of this bit of etiquette.

A POET.

MRS. SMYTHE.—That was a scandalous thing you said to me last night! When I asked you where you had been, you said "in love!"

SMYTHE.—You must excuse me, my dear; I suppose I said that because the world was going round.

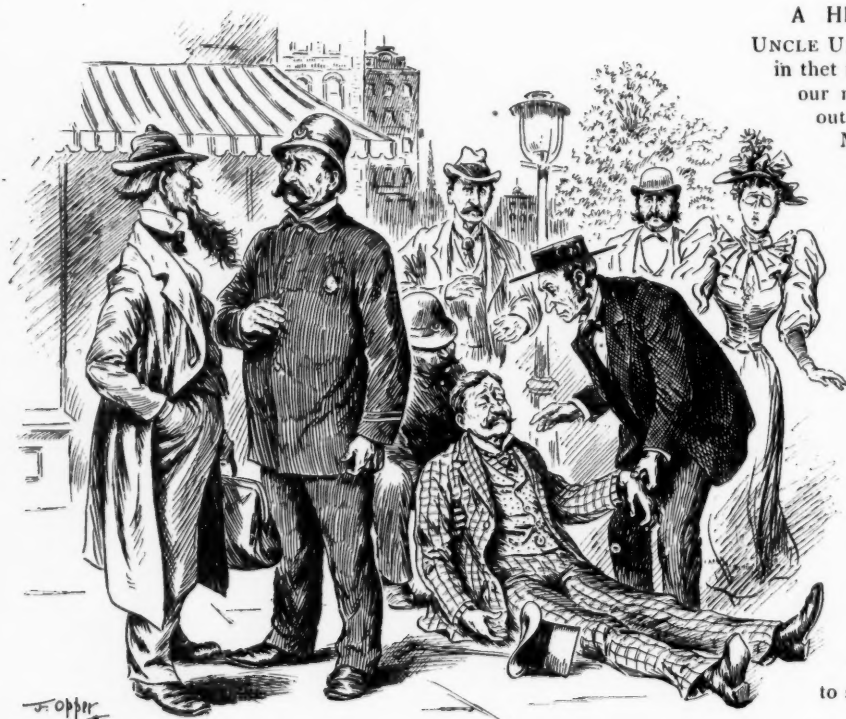
ON HIS PICTURES.

NOWITALL.—There goes a young artist who will make his mark some day.

GROWLER.—He'd better begin now; he can't sign his name so anybody can read it.

A QUESTION.

Shall I from her sweet spell depart,
Or take her for better or worse?
The choice is—shall she break my heart,
Or shall she break my purse?



A BROADWAY CATASTROPHE.

POLICEMAN.—Do you know this sick man?

INTERESTED BYSTANDER.—No; I only jest met him. He seemed a nice sort of a feller; he shook my hand and we chatted a while, an' I told 'im I was Seth Pinewood from Pennsylvania, an' that I'd come on with one thousand in cash to see this here town. I ast him if he knew of some young feller as could show me around; an' then he threw up his hands an' fell down.



PUTTING HIM TO THE TEST.

DEACON WOOLERTON (*sneeringly*).—I s'pose yo' t'ink its de Lord's will fo' yo' to leave dis charge an' take de one wid de biggah salary!

PARSON SHOUTER.—Look 'ere, Bre'r Woolerton; ef one man offers yo' ten dollars fo' dat mule, an' anodder offers yo' twenty, would dere be any question in yo' mind which offer it wuz de Lord's will fo' yo' to accept?

HOPE DEFERRED.

"Everything I write I lay aside for forty-eight hours before giving it to the editor," said Smith.

"And the editor," said Brown, "before giving it to the public, lays it aside for forty-eight years."

A HINT TO RURAL LANDLORDS.

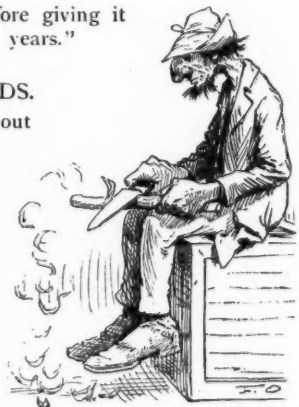
UNCLE UPCREEK.—There hain't been a trout in thet there creek for thutty year; now our new boarder is pullin' on 'em out as fast as he can drop in.

MRS. UPCREEK.—That's what comes of advertising our trout fishing in the religious papers; they can't lie, nohow.

A GIRL OF TASTE.

RESCUER.—Hurry! Quick! Throw her a life preserver.

DROWNING GIRL.—Have n't — you — a — white — one? That — dirty — drab — does n't — match — my — blue — suit.



DETERRENT CURIOSITY.

TEN BROKE (*gloomily*).—It's depressing, Chumley. The duns come in — exchequer busted — department of interior out of fix — trousers bag at the knees — Isaacstein has my watch — can't shake anybody down for a fiver — promised to take Lucile to the opera. But for one thing I should commit suicide.

CHUMLEY (*sympathetically*).—Yes — and that is?

TEN BROKE.—Curiosity, Chumley. I have a gloomy curiosity to see how the whole blamed thing will work out.

THE MAN who looks out for a rainy day generally makes many a sunny one for his heirs.

IN THE saccharine lexicon of love, the Summer girl finds a half-moon better than no moon at all.

NOTHING WOULD succeed like success, if people could only stand prosperity.



PROCEEDING IN THE CONVENTIONAL WAY.

MR. GRAY TEWITIE.—And how are you getting along with the new chapel, Miss Church?

MISS CHURCH.—Splendidly! We're already in debt seven hundred dollars, and we hope to increase it to a thousand before the Summer is over.

A FIND.

ROOTER.—Is your new catcher any good?

BASE-BALL MANAGER.—Out of sight!

ROOTER.—Can he catch swift pitching?

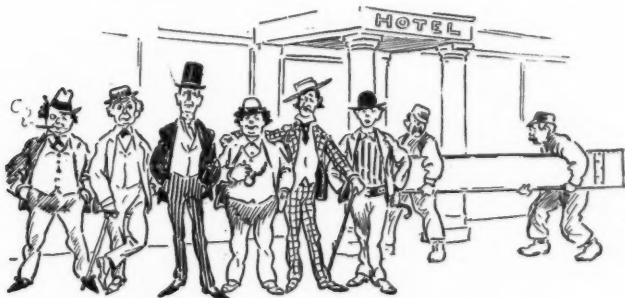
BASE-BALL MANAGER.—My dear sir, he can catch anything. Why, he once caught the Chicago Limited!

HER IDEA.

WILL D'OATS.—Don't, with your girlish fancy, think me too good. If there were but one bad man in the world I would be that man.

FAN D. SAIKLE.—What a good time you'd have!

THE SCHEME OF THE WILY LANDLORD.

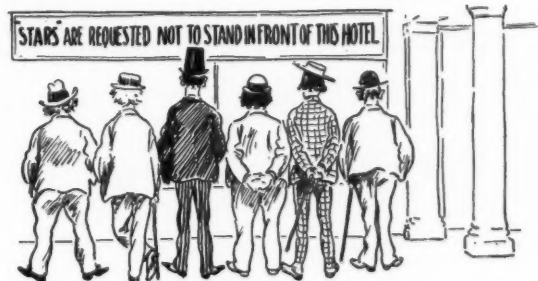


NOT TO COUNT.

MAY.—Is that lovely Mr. Rivers Ide a married man? And to think you never told me!

ADA.—But he is n't a married man, my dear; his wife's in the country.

PENURY is very often the unexpected wages of the pen.



IN THE CAFÉ.

COL. BLUEGRASS.—By gad! We've struck the wrong place! Let's get out, sah.

MR. FULTON.—What's the matter?

COL. BLUEGRASS.—Can't you read that sign? "Only Boiled and Filtered Water Served Here."

REALLY.

MAY DARLING.—And am I the only girl you ever really loved?

BEN THAIR.—Yes, darling; you are the only girl I ever really loved, although I have had numerous love affairs.

MAY DARLING.—Why, I thought you just said —

BEN THAIR.—Oh! you know what I mean. Just making love to girls and telling them they were the only ones I ever really loved, and all that.

THE DOUBLE-BARRELED FOOL-KILLER.

"It is n't loaded, I'll bet my life!"

Nor did he, trusting, let

It go at that, but blew into

The muzzle — and lost his bet.



NOT WHAT SHE WANTED THERE.

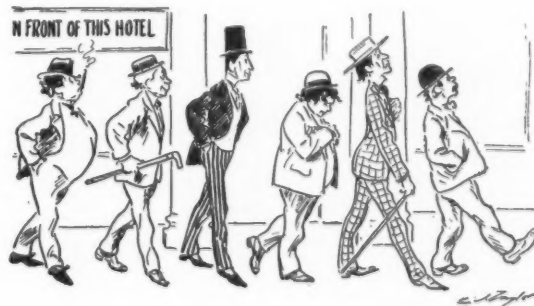
TEACHER.—If you face the North, directly behind you will be South, on your right hand will be East and on your left hand West. (Seeing a lack of attention on the part of Oscar Simmons, and wishing to catch him.) What is on your left hand, Oscar?

OSCAR (in deep confusion).—Please, Ma-a-m,—er—it's some cartgrease I got on at recess; an' it won't come off.

CHANGED HIS TACTICS.

SHE.—And you are married already?

HE.—Yes—I accepted the very first girl I proposed to.



COULD BEAT IT.

MRS. LAKESIDE (to COUNTRY RELATIVE).—Now, here are some letters written by Columbus.

COUNTRY RELATIVE (in deep disgust).—Pooh! Why, my William, only ten years old, can write as good as that.—*World's Fair Puck.*

BUT IT WAS.

"That can't be PUCK Buildin', Silas."

"Why not, Furby?"

"T ain't funny-lookin'."—*World's Fair Puck.*

NO USE FOR IT.

"Let's go over to the Administration Building."

"Dern this administration! Did n't Cleveland refuse me the post-office in my own town?"—*World's Fair Puck.*

THE man who falls in love very often dislocates his common-sense.—*World's Fair Puck.*

A VERBAL PLAY.

HIRED MAN.—I'm totally played out.

EMPLOYER.—I believe it; I never knew you to hurt yourself working.—*World's Fair Puck.*

AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH.

RAZZLE.—It beats all how many styles of folding beds they have nowadays.

DAZZLE.—It does, indeed; I even saw one the other day got up in imitation of a bed.—*World's Fair Puck.*

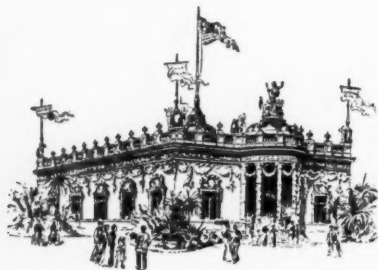
A MISNOMER.

MR. PEASTRAW (looking at the PUCK exhibit).—I can't understand, for the life of me, why they call them hoe presses. They look more like threshing machines than hoes.—*World's Fair Puck.*

WORKS LIKE A CHARM.—The Tramp.—*World's Fair Puck.*

THE young man who sows his wild oats is laying up a store of good advice for his children that are to be.—*World's Fair Puck.*

Visitors to Chicago should not fail to call at the



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Have your MAIL sent there.

Write your LETTERS there.

Meet your FRIENDS there.

In fact, MAKE IT YOUR HEADQUARTERS during your stay at the Fair.

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Puck World's Fair Souvenir

50 cts.
All
Dealers



THAT HE WHO READS MAY RUN.

DEACON HAPGOOD (of Kansas).—I'll bet that's one of them patent beer machines. But the W. C. T. U. has scotched the sarprint by its warning sign.—*World's Fair Puck.*

"Throw physic to the dogs" and use Angostura Bitters, for good digestion, and a healthy appetite. Sole Mfr's, Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Fatigue and exhaustion overcome by Bromo-Seltzer. Contains no opiate.

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IN THE MANUFACTURES BUILDING.
VISITOR (during a rain).—See how the roof leaks.

GUARD.—The roof does n't leak. That rain comes from clouds this side of the roof.—*World's Fair Puck.*

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.
JACKSON.—Gaylord admitted to me that he was afraid of his shadow.

SUE FAWLS.—No doubt he is—of the one employed by his wife.—*World's Fair Puck.*

To-day we are building the best Piano which modern ingenuity can construct; next year's SOHMER may be better; we hope so; but the SOHMER of to-day is the ideal instrument of to-day; it is the BEST.

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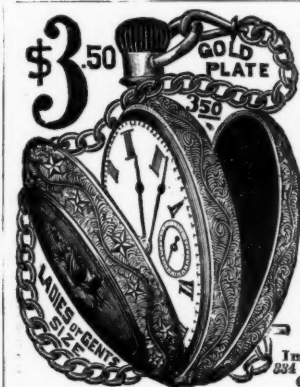
SOHMER



THE coloring so frequently seen in Calisaya, sometimes natural, oftener artificial, has no medicinal action or properties.

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is bright, clear and palatable, and richer in the best principles of the bark than any other.



CUT THIS OUT! And send it to us with your name and address and we will send you this watch by express for examination, if you think it equal in appearance to a \$25 gold watch, pay our sample price \$3.50 and express charges and it is yours, mention whether you want ladies' or gents' size and order to-day as this offer will not appear again. A printed guarantee and a lovely chain with every watch. Address, National Mfg. & Importing Co., 234 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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“The world, my boy, is nothing but a big apartment house.”
“Yes—and a mighty poor one. No elevators to take you to those roomy apartments at the top.”—*World's Fair Puck.*
ALL MEN are born equal, — but some are born more equal to the emergency.
—*World's Fair Puck.*
MOTTO FOR A CIGARETTE CASE — “Oh, my Offense is Rank! It Smells to Heaven.”—*World's Fair Puck.*
THE IMPROVEMENT of trotters hardly seems to improve the men who bet on them.—*World's Fair Puck.*
IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS—PUCK.—*World's Fair Puck.*



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CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.



HE HAD BRUNG 'EM ALONG.

PAP (*dubiously*).—Maw, do you think it will be too cold out at the Fair for me to wear my linen breeches?
MAW (*with asperity*).—Well, you jest wear them, an' I'll make it hot enough for you!—*World's Fair Puck.*

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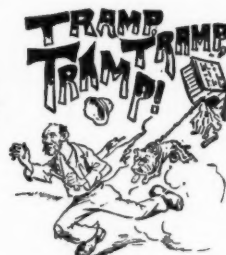
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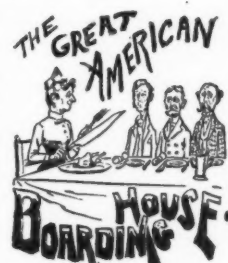
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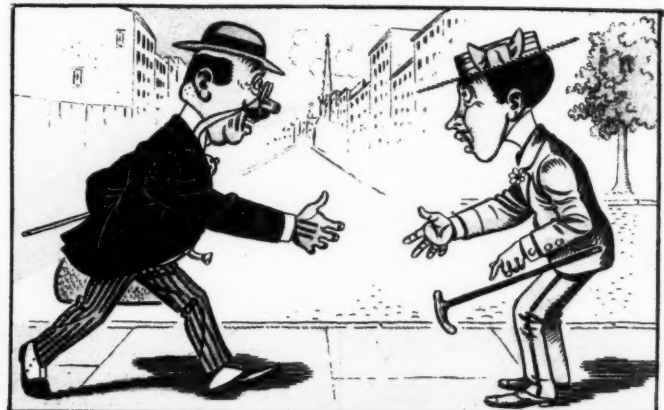
I.
"To-morrow, Amelia, will part us. Wilt still love me when down by the sea?"
"Dear Clarence, my thoughts the long Summer will be always and only of thee!"



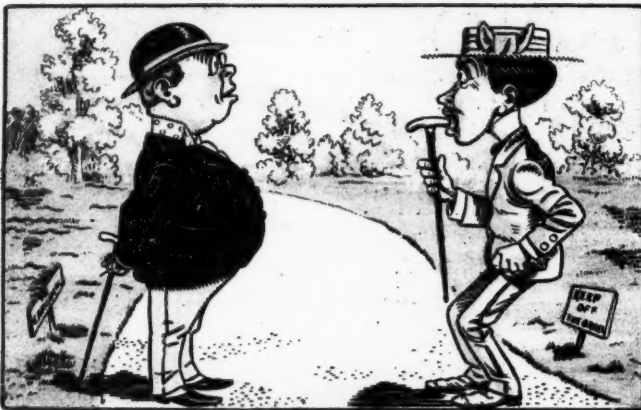
II.
On the morrow ten trunks and Amelia sped o'er the steel rails to the "Pier,"
Whilst poor Clarence blotted his Ledger with many a sad, briny tear.



III.
Three weeks dragged along; the Cashier now returned from his outing, his face all aglow.
"Boys, I've been to the 'Pier'—had an elegant time—her name is Amelia Snow!"



IV.
"Ah, Clarence!" cried Rownder, of Clarence's Club, "from the 'Pier' but this instant I came.
Met the stunningest girl—she was dead-stuck on me—Mely Snow is the fair charmer's name."



V.
The Summer rolled on, Clarence met in the Park, his friend, the sententious Tom Blow.
"Yes; I've been to the 'Pier,' and came very near being trapped by a certain Miss Snow."



VI.
"Dear Clarence," she wrote, in a sweet, little note, "we return home to-day." "I'll be there,"
Shouted Clarence, "to-night! I'll break with her outright. Such perfidy I will not bear!"



VII.
But, awaiting Miss Snow, he found in a row, his friends Rownder, Tom Blow, the Cashier.
"Oh, you poor fools!" said he; "just take warning by me. Shun this false, fickle belle of the 'Pier.'"



VIII.
But Miss Snow said with grace, a sweet smile on her face—"Thank you all very much for this call.
You'll be happy, I know, to learn that Miss Snow marries Moneybags late in the Fall!"